

# Christian Mirror

## AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL xii. 4.

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### POETRY.

#### THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

How sweet the rest that labour yields  
The humble and the poor,  
Where sits the patriarch of the fields  
Before the cottage door!  
The lark is singing in the sky,  
The swallow in the eaves,  
And love is beaming in each eye,  
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers  
Supplies unpurchased health,  
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,  
More dear to him than wealth!  
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays  
Around his humble cot,  
And happy nights and cheerful days  
Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell  
Rings out upon the gale,  
The father bows his head to tell  
The music of its tale—  
A fresher verdure seems to fill  
The fair and dewy sod,  
And every infant tongue is still  
To hear the word of God!

Oh! happy hearts—to Him who stills  
The ravens when they cry,  
And makes the lily 'neath the hills  
So glorious to the eye—  
The trusting patriarch prays to bless  
His labours with increase;—  
Such "ways are ways of pleasantness,"  
And all such "paths are peace."

SCOTLAND.—I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

#### POWER OF RELIGION.

##### AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

The narrative which follows was communicated by a correspondent, who was acquainted with some of the persons to whom it refers.

In the winter of the year 18—, Mr. K— and Captain B—, two gentlemen who, at that time, were strangers to each other, found themselves seated beside a cheerful fire in the public room of a respectable hotel in a southern city. Mr. K—, who at that period of his life, was extensively engaged in business, having, throughout the whole of the day, been busily occupied with mercantile affairs, overcome by fatigue, had already begun to indulge himself in a nap in an arm chair, when he was roused from his slumbers by the entrance of an officer, who had that moment arrived by the evening's coach; and who, chilled by a keen northern blast, took his seat between the two gentlemen, immediately in front of the fire. He had just returned from India; and being, as most men are who have had opportunities of seeing the world, affable and communicative, he at once engaged the attention of the strangers by some very correct and pointed observations on eastern manners and customs. It was evident, however, that it was not its position on the map of our globe, or the varied productions of its soil, nor yet the peculiar customs of its inhabitants, that recalled his thoughts to Hindostan.—There was visible even through the buoyancy of spirits which he endeavoured to manifest, a melancholy cast of countenance, which bespoke the anguish of an afflicted mind.—Nor was the cause long a secret. Beneath India's sun-burned soil lay the remains of his beloved wife. On his regiment being ordered on foreign service, rather than endure the pain of a separation, she had braved the dangers of the sea; and for some time they enjoyed together, in that distant region, all those sweets which hearts formed for each other's society yield. It is not, however, the lot of humanity to possess uninterrupted happiness in this vale of tears. Naturally delicate, her health soon sunk under the influence of a climate by no means friendly to the European constitution; and upon her beloved partner devolved the melancholy duty of seeing her body committed to the house appointed for all living. His regiment was shortly after ordered home; but prior to embarking for England, he paid a last visit to the spot where were deposited the mortal remains of one who, to him, was lovely even in death. But though seas soon spread their ample space between him and India, yet was that country still engraven upon the tablet of his memory; and his spirit in its goings forth often hovered over the tear-besprinkled turf which covered the sacred dust of his sainted wife; and, from the overflowings of a full heart, he loved to speak of her departed worth. It was so in the present instance; he had not been more than a few minutes in conversation with the two strang-

ers before he introduced this melancholy topic, dwelt feelingly and at large upon her virtues, and the great loss he had sustained in her removal; but added, "that if ever there was a saint upon the earth, she was one; that she died rejoicing in her Saviour, and charging him to meet her in heaven; and that he hoped to join her happy spirit in a world of immortal glory." His account of her last moments was interesting in a high degree; while the big tear that stole down his veteran cheek, but which was speedily dried up again, heightened the interest of the scene and called forth visible emotions of sympathy from the gentlemen on both sides of him.—To the great astonishment, however, of these gentlemen, he had more than once accompanied his observations concerning his departed wife, with an irreverent and profane use of the name of God. Of the great sinfulness of this, Mr. K—, in a half whisper, reminded him. The reproof was well taken, and thanks were even offered for the friendly feeling which prompted the admonition of his error.

A pause of a few minutes now ensued, during which Captain B— surveyed the room. The company at this time consisted of two or three small parties of gentlemen who sat at tables at some distance from each other, engaged in reading the newspapers of the day. It was evident that the captain's mind was the seat of some severe conflict; but, as if victory had at last decided in his favour, he broke silence; and addressing the officer, said, that he too had been a military man; and that, if he had no objection, he would give him an account of the manner in which he had been brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. A ready and cheerful assent was at once given; when he proceeded to state in substance as follows:—"During my time in the army, I lived as officers too generally do, the slave of pleasure and the enemy of God. Between the duties of my profession, and company of my brother officers, my time was so occupied, that reflection on the past or contemplation of the future, had scarcely a place on my mind. Thus year succeeded year in a monotonous round, until, at the solicitations of my wife, I sold out, and exchanged the life of a soldier for that of a country gentleman. The place I selected as my residence was convenient to a town where, with a faithfulness that would have done credit to apostolical times, the gospel of Christ was boldly and affectionately declared. But though the advantages of a gospel ministry are great indeed, they were lost upon me; for, notwithstanding the brightness with which the truth shone around me, I sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. It pleased the Lord, however, in the midst of my forgetfulness of him, to lay his hand of affliction upon me. Still my heart was unsubdued. Death, indeed, appeared awful; but I regarded it as greatly in advance of me; though I knew I was moving onwards towards it, still I flattered myself that I had yet many years to spend before I should have to encounter his fright-